—I mean all the technical things over which some of us have to labour for years. The first part that he played at the Lyceum, Arthur St. Valery in " The Dead Heart," was good, and he went on steadily improving. The last part that he played at the Lyceum—Edward IV. in " Richard III."—was, maternal prejudice quite apart, a most remarkable performance.

His record for 1891, when he was still a mere boy, was: Claudio (in " Much Ado about Nothing"), Mercutio, Modus, Charles Surface, Alexander Oldworthy, Moses (in " Olivia "), Lorenzo, Malcolm, Beauchamp, Meynard, and the Second Grave-Digger!

Later on he played Hamlet, Macbeth, and Romeo on a small provincial tour. His future as an actor seemed assured, but it wasn't! One day when he was with William Nicholson, the clever artist and one of the Beggarstaff Brothers of poster fame, he began chipping at a wood-block in imitation of Nicholson, and produced in a few hours an admirable wood-cut of Walt Whitman, then and always his particular hero. From that moment he had the " black and white" fever badly. Acting for a time seemed hardly to interest him at all. When his interest in the theatre revived, it was not as an actor but as a stage director that he wanted to work.

What more natural than that his mother should give him the chance of exploiting his ideas in London ? Ideas he had in plenty—" unpractical" ideas people called them; but what else should *ideas* be ?

At the Imperial Theatre, where I spent my financially

unfortunate season in April 1903, I gave my son a free hand, I hope it will be remembered, when I am spoken of by the youngest critics after my death as a " Victorian " actress, lacking in enterprise, an actress belonging to the " pld school/' that I produced a spectacular play of Ibsen'?